

BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN

ANNOUNCING LEV GLEASON \$1,500.00 PRIZE CONTEST



MARCH
NO. 9

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

10¢

FORMERLY DESPERADO

FULL
52 pages of
ILLUSTORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

FEED

BARBER & DENTIST

LEV GLEASON
INTEGRATED
PUBLICATIONS

TOWN
OF JUNCTION
YOU NEED NEVER
WORRY AGAIN!
I WILL ALWAYS
BE HERE TO
PROTECT YOU FROM
LAWLESSNESS
AND DANGER!

THE BLACK
DIAMOND
U.S. MARSHAL
OF THIS TERRITORY

CHARLES
BIRO

HE MUST
BE THE ONE
WHO CAPTURED
JEFF HAWKINS
AND HIS
GANG!

IT'S ABOUT
TIME SOMEONE
WAS BRAVE
ENOUGH TO STAND
UP AGAINST THE
LAWLESS ELEMENTS
IN THIS
TOWN!

NOW
MAYBE WE'LL
HAVE SOME
LAW AND ORDER
AROUND
HERE!

WHEN TREACHERY AND VIOLENCE RULED THE WILD WEST, ONLY ONE MAN, THE BLACK DIAMOND,
DARED TO TAKE ACTION AGAINST THE MASTER CRIMINAL, JEFF HAWKINS!—SEE INSIDE!

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



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a
muscular
he-man

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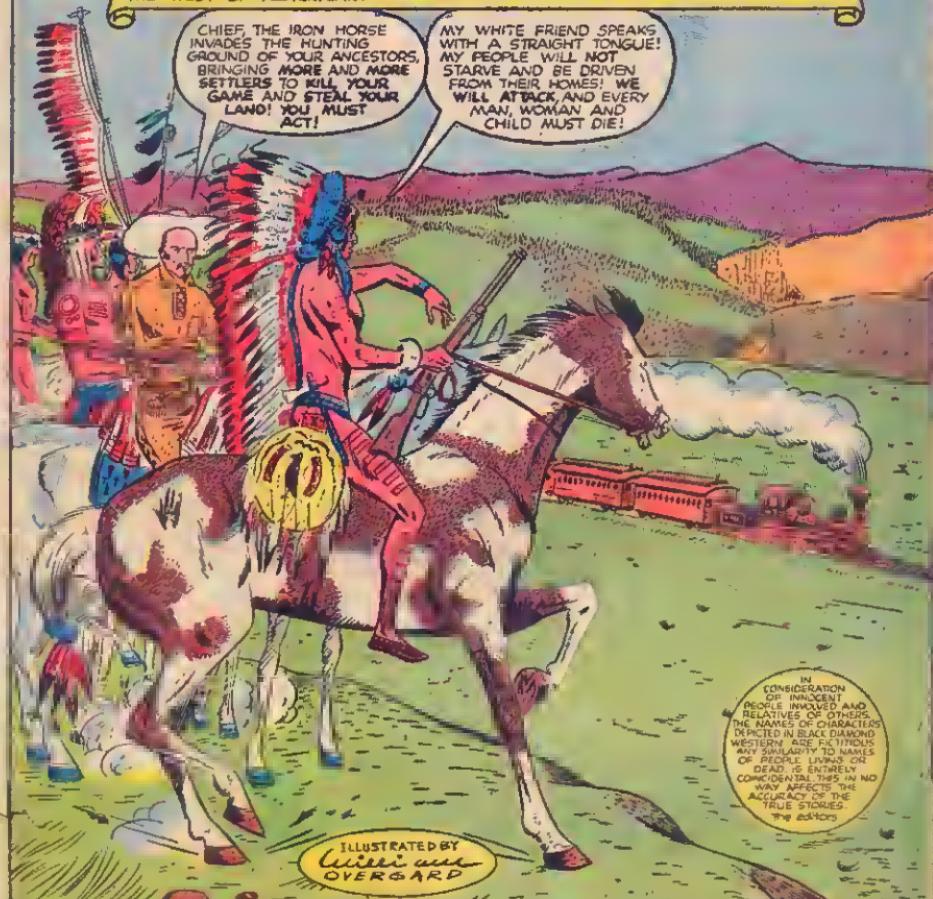
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PRESENTING THE THRILLING ADVENTURES OF THE
BLACK DIAMOND
IN THE DAYS OF THE DESPERADOES!

BEGIN HERE THE SAGA OF BOB VALE, AS THIS HARD-RIDING PEACE OFFICER OF THE OPEN PLAINS DISPATCHES JUSTICE! STEP BACK THROUGH THE PAGES OF DARING HISTORY, AS THE EXPLOITS OF THIS "LEGENDARY KNIGHT OF THE PRAIRIES RECREATE THE WEST OF YESTERYEAR!

CHIEF THE IRON HORSE
INVADES THE HUNTING
GROUND OF YOUR ANCESTORS,
BRINGING MORE AND MORE
SETTLERS TO KILL YOUR
GAME AND STEAL YOUR
LAND! YOU MUST
ACT!

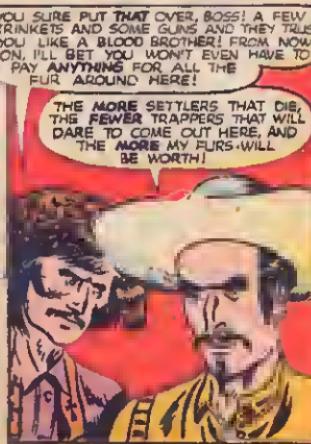
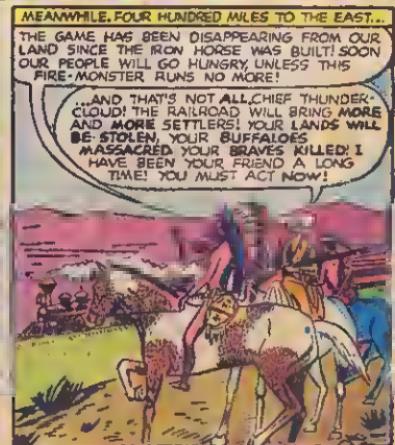
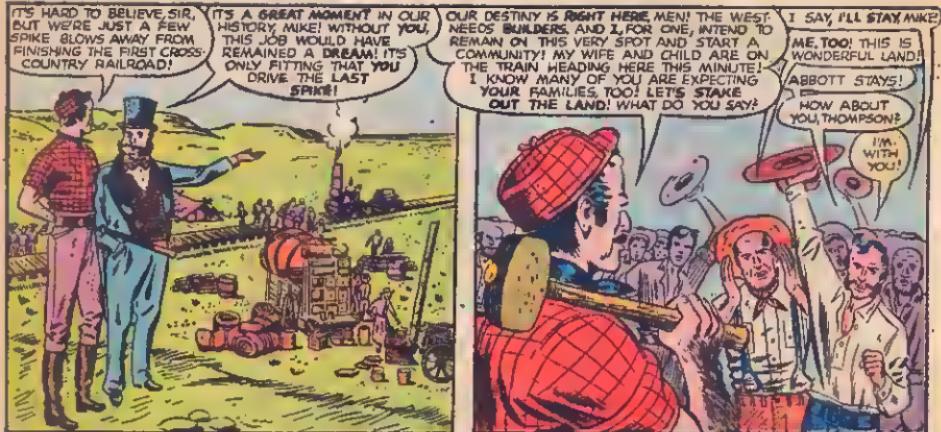
MY WHITE FRIEND SPEAKS
WITH A STRAIGHT TONGUE!
MY PEOPLE WILL NOT
STARVE AND BE DRIVEN
FROM THEIR HOMES! WE
WILL ATTACK AND EVERY
MAN, WOMAN AND
CHILD MUST DIE!

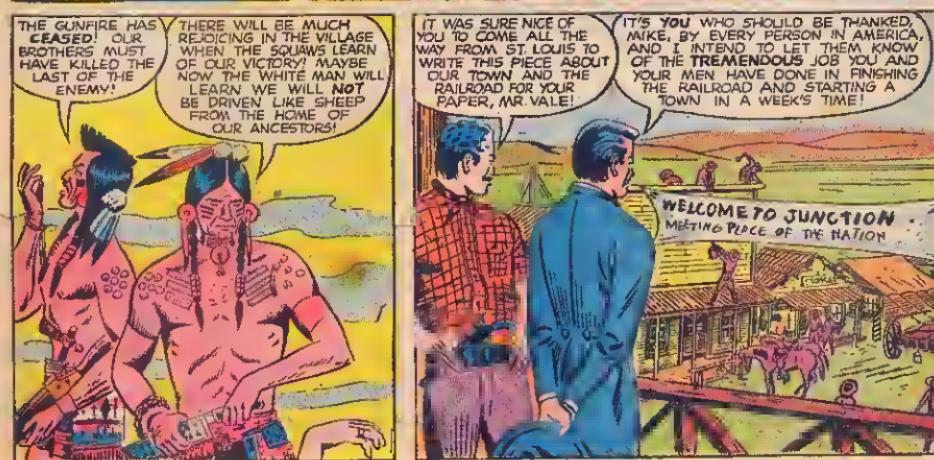
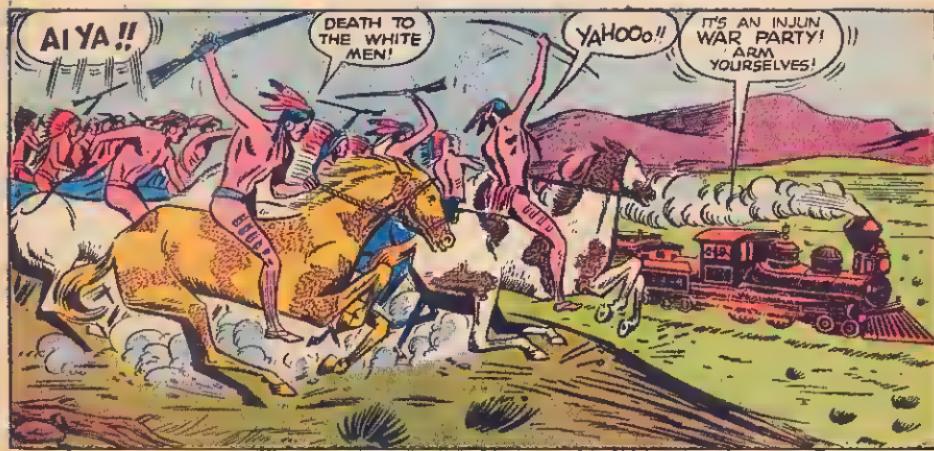


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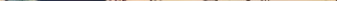
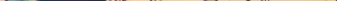
IN
CONSIDERATION
OF THE
PEOPLE INVOLVED AND
RELATIVES OF OTHERS
WHO ARE NOT CHARACTERS
DEPICTED IN BLACK DIAMOND
WESTERN, IT IS FITTING
TO CALL ATTENTION TO THE
DEAD IS ENTIRELY
CONSEQUENTLY, IN NO
WAY AFFECTS THE
ACCURACY OF THE
TRUE STORY.
THE EDITORS

ON A WESTERN PLAIN, IN 1869, YEARS OF BACK-BREAKING EFFORT RESULTED IN THE COMPLETION OF A BAND OF STEEL, THE FIRST CROSS-COUNTRY RAILROAD! IT BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME THE SHIPBUILDER FROM BOSTON, THE COTTON GROWER FROM SAVANNAH, AND THE RANCHERS FROM CALIFORNIA! BUT THERE WERE SOME UNSCRUPULOUS MEN WHO DID NOT DESIRE TO SHARE THE RICHNESS OF THE WILDERNESS, AND IT IS BECAUSE OF ONE SUCH MAN THAT THIS STORY IS TOLD!









MR. VALE, EVER SINCE YOU STUMBLED BACK HERE TO CHICAGO, HALF DEAD WITH THAT CHILD IN YOUR ARMS, I'VE HAD THE CAVALRY OUT SCOURING THE COUNTRY FOR THE MAN YOU DESCRIBED! IF HE'S STILL THERE, WE'LL GET HIM OURSELVES! IT'S SENSELESS FOR A FAMOUS JOURNALIST LIKE YOURSELF TO GIVE UP YOUR CAREER TO FIGHT THE FRONTIER!

MAJOR, I WAS THE ONLY ADULT TO ESCAPE DEATH CUT THERE! I'LL CONSIDER IT MY DUTY TO HELP EVEN THE SCORE AND TO START BUILDING WHERE THEY LEFT OFF! I'M GOING BACK TO JUNCTION!

BUT MY TROOPS CAN'T GIVE YOU PERMANENT PROTECTION! WE'RE TOO FEW FOR THAT! IT'S SUICIDE. A FULL SCALE INDIAN WAR IS LIKELY TO BREAK OUT AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE!

I WON'T BE ALONE—THAT MASSACRE ONLY STRENGTHENED THE FIGHTING SPIRIT OF THE MEN AND WOMEN COMING OUT EVERY DAY. THERE'S A WAGON OUT THERE, I'LL HAVE IT ON THE JUNCTION! I'LL BE ON IT! THE INDIANS WILL LEARN THAT WE DON'T SCARE EASILY, MAJOR!



THOSE ARE PROUD WORDS AND I'M PROUD OF YOU, MR. VALE! GOOD LUCK! BUT WHAT OF THE CHILD? AND I HAVE NOTICED YOU'VE BECOME RATHER FOND OF HIM!

FATHER AND MOTHER ARE BURIED THERE, AND I, BECAUSE MY HEART LIES THERE! I'M GOING OVER TO THE FOUNDLING HOME AND FILE FOR HIM LEGALLY, RIGHT NOW!

HE, BECAUSE HIS

I INTEND TO ADOPT THE CHILD AND I HAVE A COMMON INTEREST IN JUNCTION NOW!

LLOYD VALE, WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO ADOPT YOUNG BOB? YOU KNOW VERY WELL IT'S AN ORPHANAGE RULE THAT NO SINGLE PERSON CAN ADOPT A CHILD!

COME NOW, MARTHA, YOU CAN MAKE AN EXCEPTION IN MY CASE! DON'T TELL ME I'VE GOT TO GET MARRIED ANYWAY, I HAVEN'T GOT TIME! THE TRAIN IS LEAVIN' IN A FEW DAYS AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANY WOMEN IN THIS TOWN!

I GUESS I WON'T BE TAKING YOU, BOB. I'M THINKIN' GOSH, I WANT THAT KID MORE THAN ANYTHING, BUT I CAN'T MARRY JUST ANYBODY! I GUESS I'M OLD-FASHIONED BUT I'VE GOT TO LOVE THE WOMAN I MARRY!

HOW NOBLE!



SAY I NEVER GAVE YOU A THOUGHT! I ALWAYS FELT YOU WERE—OH, I DON'T KNOW—NOT QUITE THE GIFT! BUT I COULDN'T MARRY ANYONE ELSE BECAUSE I'VE BEEN IN LOVE WITH YOU ALL ALONG AND DIDN'T HAVE SENSE ENOUGH TO KNOW IT!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



LLOYD VALE, YOU ARE THE SLOWEST, MOST UNROMANTIC MAN A GIRL EVER FELL FOR, BUT I LOVE YOU, TOO...

I HAVE FROM THE FIRST!



THIS IS AS FAR AS WE CAN TAKE YOU, VALE! GOOD-BYE AND GOOD LUCK, YOU TOO, MRS. VALE.

SO LONG, MAJOR, AND THANKS! WE'LL MANAGE IT FROM HERE ON IN!



IN THE NEXT TWELVE YEARS, THE SMALL COMMUNITY OF JUNCTION GREW AND PROSPERED! A SMALL DAUGHTER, PATRICIA, WAS BORN TO THE VALES! MERCHANTS CAME, AND RANCHES GREW, AND THE MEMORY OF A DAY IN 1869 WAS ALL BUT FORGOTTEN!

NOW BOB, DIDN'T I TELL YOU NOT TO COME? BUT, GEE WHIZ, DAD, YOU PROMISED I COULD HAVE THE COLT! I GOTTA START TAKING CARE OF HIM!

THAT'S QUITE A BOY YOU'VE GOT, VALE! IT'LL DO HIM GOOD TO LEARN!



LOOK, DAD, MY COLT IS ALMOST AS FAST AS THE MARE IS! I GUESS IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE HE'S STRONG ENOUGH TO RIDE, WILL IT?

NO, SON, I GUESS IT WON'T BOYS AND COLTS—I DON'T KNOW WHICH GROW FASTER! ANY DAY NOW WE'LL START TRAININ' MIA!



THAT'S RIGHT-KEEP HIM GOING AROUND IN A CIRCLE! HE'LL GET USED TO THE ROPE THAT WAY!



GETTING THE SADDLE ON HIM WASN'T TOO HARD, DAD! DO YOU SUPPOSE HE TRUSTS ME ENOUGH TO LET ME RIDE HIM?



HE TRUSTS YOU, OR HE WOULDN'T STAND STILL, BUT HE'LL GO WILD THE FIRST TIME HE FEELS YOUR WEIGHT ON HIS BACK! HOP ON AND STAY THERE! YOU'VE GOT TO BREAK HIM IN YOURSELF!

HE FEELS YOU-HOLD TIGHT, SON!

WHOA, BOY! EASY-IT'S ME!



OWW! I'M OKAY, DAD- JUST WATCH HIM! HE ALWAYS COMES RUNNING WHEN I'M IN TROUBLE OR HURT! HE SEEMS TO SENSE IT- JUST LIKE THAT TIME THE RATTLER ALMOST GOT ME, AND HE STAMPED IT TO DEATH!



SEE, WHAT DID I TELL YOU! WHAT A HORSE! I CAN HARDLY WAIT TILL I CAN RIDE HIM TO SCHOOL!



THEN YOU'D BETTER TAKE CARE OF HIM, THAT MOUNTAIN LION WE HEAR EVERY NIGHT! SEEMS TO BE GETTING CLOSER! MAKE SURE HE STAYS CORRALLED!

SUPPER, DAD! BOB'S SOUP'S ON!

GEE, PATRICIA! WON'T MOM BE SURPRISED WHEN I BRING BACK THAT MOUNTAIN LION'S HIDE? I CAN GIVE IT TO HER FOR HER BIRTHDAY!

YES, SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED A LION SKIN FOR A RUG IN HER ROOM! CAN I COME ALONG, BOB?



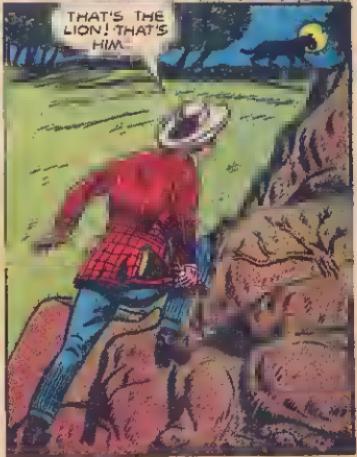
OF COURSE NOT! HOW COULD I SHOOT A LION WITH A GIRL ALONG? HUNTING IS A MAN'S JOB! YOU GO BACK AND COVER UP FOR ME!



I MUST BE GETTING CLOSE-THIS WATERHOLE TRAIL ISN'T MORE THAN AN HOUR OLD-I BET HE'S HEADED FOR THAT OLD CAVE!



THAT'S THE LION! THAT'S HIM-







"I COULDN'T GIVE 'YOU' THIS RING DOWNSTAIRS, BOB, BUT NOW YOU'RE A MAN, I FEEL THAT YOU HAVE A RIGHT TO KNOW! I GOT THIS BLACK DIAMOND RING FROM THE HAND OF THE MAN WHO MURDERED YOUR PARENTS! I TRIED FOR YEARS TO FIND A CLUE TO ITS OWNER, BUT I'VE FAILED - NOW IT'S UP TO YOU - IT'S YOUR FIGHT, SON!"

A BLACK DIAMOND RING. SO THIS IS THE CLUE TO THE KILLER! ALL RIGHT, DAD! I'LL LEAVE TOMORROW... I'LL LOOK EVERYWHERE... IF HE'S STILL ALIVE, I'LL FIND HIM! I WON'T BE BACK UNTIL I DO!

MR. MARKS, THE PRESIDENT OF THE BANK, WAS JUST HERE! IT'S A LONG STORY BUT, IN SHORT, THEY REFUSED MY REQUEST FOR AN EXTENSION! EITHER I MEET THE NOTE NOW OR LOSE THE RANCH! I GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT OFF THE TRIP FOR AWHILE!

LOSE THE RANCH, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE STOCK? YOU COULD SELL IT! YOU OWN THE FINEST HORSE-FLESH IN THE WEST! IT'LL BRING A HIGH PRICE!



I'VE ALREADY MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH A TRAVELING HORSE BUYER TO SELL EVERY HEAD! I'M EVEN SELLIN' MINE! I'D RATHER CUT OFF MY ARM THAN HAVE TO DO THIS, SON, BUT I'VE GOT TO ASK YOU TO SACRIFICE YOURS!

SELL MY HORSE! BUT HE'S LIKE PART OF ME! WHY, HE EVEN SAVED MY LIFE!

ALL RIGHT, DAD, YOU KNOW BEST!



I KNEW YOU'D SAY THAT, SON, SO I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF SELLIN' HIM! YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE HERD INTO TOWN! I NEVER MET THIS MR. HAWKINS; I ONLY KNOW HIS FOREMAN! HE'S STAYING AT THE HOTEL! THE TOTAL COMES TO \$5,000... WHICH IS HALF OF WHAT WE NEED!



COME IN, KID, COME IN - SO YOU'RE VALE'S SON, EH? DON'T BE EASHFUL! WE'LL HAVE A DRINK AND THEN SIGN THE PAPERS... SPIDER, GET SOME GLASSES!



NO, THANKS, MR. HAWKINS, I DON'T DRINK! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND CLOSING THE DEAL IN A HURRY! I MUST GET BACK IMMEDIATELY! I'VE GOT THE HERD CORRALLED BY THE TRACKS - YOU CAN HAVE A REAL QUICK BUSINESSMAN EH? WELL, SUIT YOURSELF, KID! SPIDER, GET MY JACKET!



EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE IN ORDER, KID, SO IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THIS BILL OF SALE, I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY...

YEAH, SURE, BOSS!







YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN, ALL RIGHT? YOUR BOYS AMBUSHED ME AND STOLE MY MONEY! I WANT IT BACK, OR THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE!

MY BOYS? NOW LOOK, KID! I'M NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU ONCE I'VE PAID YOU! PAID YOU AND I'VE GOT THE PAPERS TO PROVE IT! WHEN ANYONE COMES AROUND HERE ACCUSIN' ME OF STEALIN' I GET MAD! NOW GET OUT OF HERE!

OKAY, HAVE IT YOUR WAY—THIS IS FOR THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD I GOT FROM ONE OF YOUR HENCHMEN!

SSS HERE, BOY!



FOR PETE'S SAKE, KID! CALL 'IM OFF! DON'T LET HIM STOMP ME! I GIVE UP! THE DOUGHS IN THE STRONGBOX—ONLY HOLD 'IM OFF! I AINT DONE ANYTHING TO YOU!

EASY, BOY—JUST HOLD HIM HERE TILL I GET HIS GUN!



NOW WE'RE EVEN! BETTER, NOT TRY COMING AFTER ME, BECAUSE FROM NOW ON I'LL BE CARRYING A GUN!



OW! WHAT'S THAT FOR?

FOR TELLING THE KID WHERE THE DOUGH WAS, NOW GET OUT OF HERE AND GET THE BOYS TOGETHER! NO YOUNG PUNK IS GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS!



I DON'T SEE THE KID'S HORSE ANYWHERE, BOSS!

OF COURSE NOT—HE'S NOT HERE YET! HE THOUGHT WE'D FOLLOW HIM, SO HE MUST HAVE TAKEN THE LONG WAY HOME!

HELLO, THERE! SAY, YOU MUST BE THE MAN WHO BOUGHT MY STOCK! GLAD TO MEET YOU, MR. HAWKINS!



MAYBE YOU WON'T BE WHEN YOU HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT TO SAY! CAN WE TALK IN PRIVATE?



YES, CERTAINLY! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

YOU SAY MY SON STOLE \$5,000 FROM YOU? THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE THAT UNLESS I HEARD IT FROM HIS OWN LIPS! MY SON'S HONEST! SAY, HOW COME HE ISN'T HERE YET? ARE YOU KEEPING SOMETHING FROM ME?



SAY! HAVEN'T I MET YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

YOUR FACE IS VERY FAMILIAR... JUST WHAT IS YOUR GAME, HAWKINS? IF MY BOY HAD STOLEN MONEY FROM YOU WHY WOULDN'T YOU HAVE GONE TO THE SHERIFF INSTEAD OF COMING HERE? THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULY FISHY ABOUT YOU! I BETTER GO SEE THE SHERIFF AND...



JUST WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'LL LET YOU TALK TO THE SHERIFF?



DARLING, WILL YOU AND YOUR GUEST HAVE SOME COFFEE?... EEEEEE! YOU'VE KILLED HIM!



MOM, WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTING ABOUT? WHAT HAPPENED?

THEY KILLED YOUR FATHER!

OH, THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE HERE! IT WAS AWFUL! THAT BUYER, MR. HAWKINS, CAME HERE WITH HIS MEN! HE HAD A ROW WITH DAD AND SHOT HIM!



MR. HAWKINS? THEN DAD MUST HAVE RECOGNIZED HIM AS THE MAN WHO LED THE INDIANS DURING THE JUNCTION MASSACRE! HE TRIED TO ROB ME, TOO! PAT, LOOK AFTER MOM! I'M GOING TO TOWN TO SWEAR OUT A WARRANT FOR THEIR ARREST! BEFORE I'M THROUGH, THEY'LL ALL BE HANGING FOR MURDER!



THERE HE IS NOW, SHERIFF... PROBABLY CAME HERE TO TELL YOU A PACK OF LIES... BUT WE SAW HIM, DIDN'T WE, BOYS? HE SHOT HIS OWN FATHER, AND THEN HE ROBBED HIM... SEARCH HIM IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US! HE'S GOT THE \$5,000 I GAVE HIS FATHER FOR THE HERD!



HEY, SHERIFF! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? OM, SO YOU'RE HERE! WHAT KIND OF LIES HAVE THEY BEEN HANDING YOU, SHERIFF? THEY'RE KILLERS. ALL OF 'EM! THEY KILLED MY FATHER!



JUST HOLD STILL, SON, AND I'LL SOON FIND OUT WHO'S LYING! WHAT'S THAT IN YOUR SHIRT?

THAT'S THE MONEY, ALL RIGHT! WHAT DID I TELL YOU, SHERIFF?

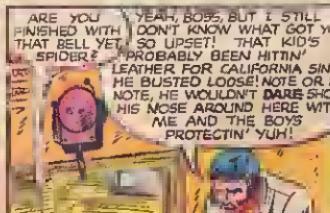
OF COURSE IT'S THE MONEY! BUT I DON'T STEAL IT! THESE CROOKS TRIED TO ROB ME! THEY SHOT MY DAD! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME! THEY'RE MURDERERS!

I'VE GOT TO BELIEVE MY EYES, AND THIS JUST MAKES ME SUSPECT! YOU LOOK PLENTY GUILTY TO ME! I'M GONNA TO LOCK YOU UP TILL I CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS!

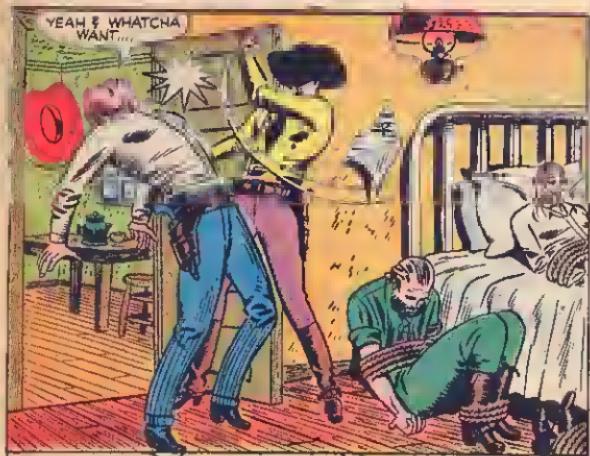


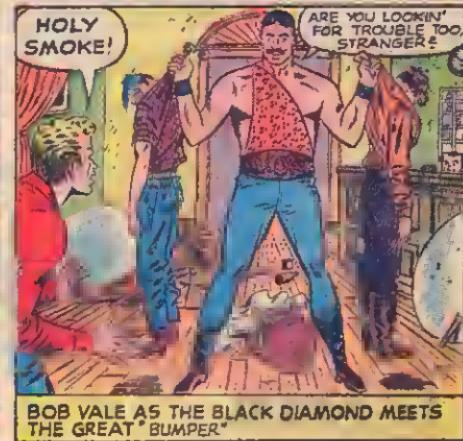
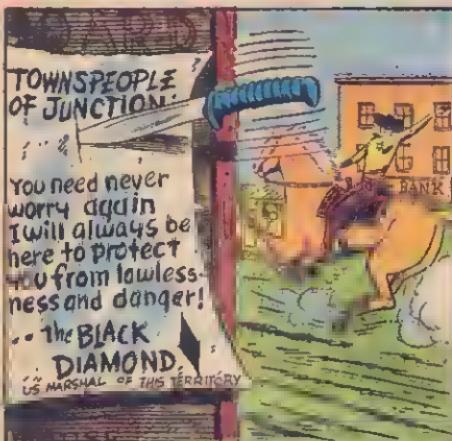


BUT HOW COULD THE SHERIFF ARREST YOU AND BELIEVE THOSE MEN? MOTHER AND I WILL RIDE INTO TOWN TOMORROW AND TELL HIM THAT THEY KILLED DAD!









OBEY THE LAW

SURE AS SHOOTIN'

by CLAUDE MOORE



BILL GAY of Gaysville

WAS SENTENCED TO THE PENITENTIARY FOR MURDER, BUT — AFTER THREE YEARS HE WAS PARDONED BY THE GOVERNOR! HIS HOME TOWN GAVE HIM A HERO'S WELCOME — THE STREETS WERE DECORATED, THERE WAS A BIG PARADE — BANDS PLAYED AND PEOPLE CHEERED! AS SOON AS THE EXCITEMENT DIED DOWN, BILL GAY SHOT AND KILLED ANOTHER MAN AND THE TOWN HAD ANOTHER BIG CELEBRATION — A HANGING PARTY FOR BILL GAY!

DISCOVERED A RICH VEIN OF GOLD IN the Black Hills, Arizona — HE KEPT IT COVERED WITH DIRT AND NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT HIS FIND BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WANT THE WHITE MEN TO FIND OUT ABOUT IT AND INVADE HIS HUNTING GROUND. HIS LAND WAS WORTH MORE TO HIM THAN THE FORTUNE IN GOLD!

"CALAMITY JANE"

SAVED THE LIVES OF 6 MEN BY NURSING THEM WHEN THEY HAD SMALLPOX

THE DREADED DISEASE OF THE FRONTIER WHICH TOOK MANY LIVES AND LEFT OTHERS WITH SCARRED FACES. JANE WAS WITHOUT FEAR, AND THE ONLY PERSON IN THE TOWN WILLING TO HELP THE MEN AT THE RISK OF HER OWN LIFE AND BEAUTY!

Morgan Mine, California
THE LARGEST GOLD NUGGET EVER MINED IN THE U.S. WAS FOUND THERE. IT WEIGHED 195 POUNDS AND WAS WORTH \$43,534.25

C.H. MOORE



LOST SETTLEMENT!

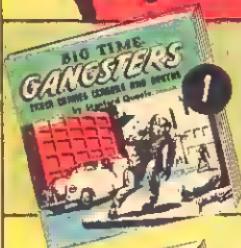
WHEN THE FIRST SETTLERS FOUND GOLD IN THE GULCH OF DEADWOOD AND STARTED TO BUILD THE TOWN — THEY FOUND PLOWS, GRINDSTONES, PICKS, FURNITURE, ETC., 6 TO 7 FEET BELOW THE GROUND — EVIDENCE THAT PEOPLE HAD LIVED THERE MANY YEARS BEFORE BUT NO ONE KNOWS WHO THEY WERE!

BILL LINN, Stagecoach Driver, STRUCK TERROR INTO BANDITS ALONG HIS ROUTE BY JUST STEPPING DOWN FROM THE DRIVERS SEAT — HE WAS 7 FEET TALL!



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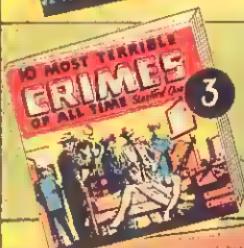
By Paul Hamilton Hall

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By Standard Quayle

Murder, Death of the world's worst criminals. Told in complete detail by the noted author of BIG-TIME GANGSTERS, HOW DETECTIVES CATCH CROOKS, and many others, proving CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

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3

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this guarantee.

NOT SOLD IN STORES OR ON STANDS!



SHERIFF BILL WAYNE

SHERRIFF BILL WAYNE was a short man, not much over five feet, and he looked like a kindly old grandfather. But there wasn't a desperado in the southwest who didn't know that he was better off slugging it out with the brawniest six footer than having "Pop" Wayne on his tail. What Wayne lacked in bulk he made up in brain and at fifty-five he could still get a pigeon on the wing without stopping to take aim. Thanks to him there was more law and order in the town of Lindale and the surrounding county than in all the land west of the Mississippi.

Wayne's fame, however, had not reached the ears of Joe Winser, cattle-rustler and thief, up in Dalsen. On a July day in 1872 Winser decided to move on, and it was Lindale he decided to head for. He didn't really care where he went, but Joe was a guy who believed in fate. It was fate, he thought, that threw at his feet a torn envelope as he headed for a saloon . . . a scrap of paper with the words "Lindale, Arizona," on it.

In the saloon he ordered a drink, then turned to the small group at the other end of the bar.

"Any of you guys know Lindale, Arizona?" he demanded.

One man turned to look at Joe. "The county or the town?" he asked "I know both. I've got a brother there."

"Well? What's it like?" Joe snapped.

"It's the cleanest, quietest, most law-abiding town in the southwest," the stranger informed him.

"Well it won't be for long," Joe promised. The other man shrugged and turned away.

Winser entered Lindale quietly enough. And for a while the townspeople had no reason to suspect that their newest neighbor would prove

to be highly undesirable. Winser was waiting for his newness to wear off and for other strangers to arrive in town before he pulled anything, so that the finger of suspicion would not point only to him. He had decided to neglect cattle rustling for awhile in favor of less strenuous ways of making some money.

He had been in town two weeks before he acted. His first victim was Bill Reed, the owner of the Red Post saloon. At four o'clock Sunday morning almost everyone in town was asleep. Bill, a man of sixty, well-liked by everybody, was counting his week's receipts. The only light still on in the saloon was over the bar and the rest of the room was in deep shadow. Bill was too engrossed to notice when a dark form pushed open the swinging door and entered. Joe Winser, masked and armed, made his way stealthily through the semi-darkness until he reached the bar. Then, one hand lifted a gun and brought the heavy barrel down hard on Bill Reed's head. Before he crumpled to the floor, the startled bartender caught a fleeting glimpse of his assailant.

Two minutes later Joe Winser fled with the money. Bill Reed was found at ten in the morning, when someone noticed that the light was still on over the bar. He was unconscious but alive. He came to at five in the afternoon. To Sheriff Wayne's question he could only say, "He was masked. But I don't think he was anyone I knew." At eight that evening Bill Reed died.

The town was enraged. Nothing like this had happened in four years. The Sheriff called a council of war. "We have almost nothing to go on," he admitted, "except that it was probably a stranger. There are about eight newcomers in town. We can question them, but I don't think it will get us anywhere."

The sheriff was right. All eight swore they had been asleep at the time of the killing and there was nothing to prove that one of them was

lying. A careful watch to see if anyone was spending more money than he ought to also proved useless. The killer was being careful.

"Well," Bill Wayne said, when almost a week had passed with no developments, "there's only one thing to do."

On Saturday afternoon most of the town gathered on Main Street or in the two saloons to relax. Almost everyone in town, including Joe Winser, was within earshot when Deputy Paul Barton stopped to greet old Mrs. Binkley, who was standing in front of her general store with some friends.

Mrs. Binkley was slightly deaf and Barton shouted. "Afternoon, Mrs. Binkley. Is Jim still away?"

Mrs. Binkley, like many people who are hard of hearing, spoke very loudly. "Afternoon, Paul," she said. "Yes, he's still east, with his folks. I expect him back Monday, though."

"I bet you'll be glad not to have to take care of the general store by yourself," Paul said.

"Oh, I don't mind. All my customers are so nice and helpful. As a matter of fact, I think business is better with Jim away. Lots of people have been paying their debts this week, too."

"I hope you've been putting all that money in the bank," Paul said.

"Well, Jim usually attends to that. He says I can't get my figures straight. So I guess I'll just leave it all in the store till he gets back. Monday's time enough to put it in the bank."

"I guess you know best, Mrs. Binkley," Paul said.

In the bar, Joe Winser was listening intently. Mrs. Binkley usually closed up around ten, he knew. Most people would either be at the barn dance or drinking in the bar, and it would be very noisy. Joe knew the back entrance to the store and that the back of Binkley's store was dark. But he didn't know where Mrs. Binkley put the money at night so he would have to come while she was still there. "Maybe it's a trap," Joe thought. "But the old lady is deaf, and her husband has been gone since before I robbed the saloon. If I'm gonna rob that store this is the time to do it. I'll clean it out and skip town. This place is too tame for Joe Winser, anyway!"

At eight Joe went to the Blue Bottle. Through the window he could keep an eye on the general

store, where business seemed to be excellent. With each purchase Joe's dreams of a good take mounted and his fear of a trap faded. At nine thirty he saw the sheriff, with a group of men, heading down the street toward the barn where the dances were held. By a quarter of ten business had stopped in the store. Mrs. Binkley was putting things away and blowing out lights until only one remained lit. Joe made an unobtrusive exit and headed around the block so he could reach the store from the rear.

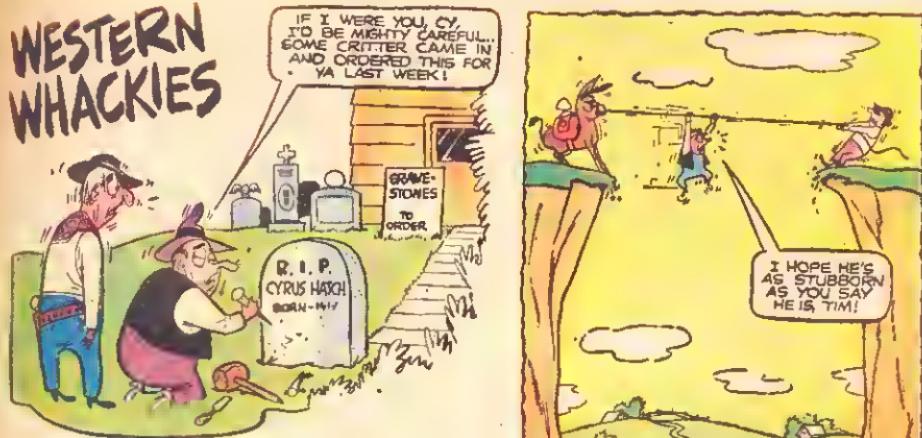
The back door was closed, but not locked. It squeaked a little as Joe pushed it open but Mrs. Binkley, he knew, wouldn't hear it. Mrs. Binkley was just inside, with her back to the door. Evidently she was ready to leave, because she had her hat on. She was doing something at a little table, and both she and the table, Joe noticed, were hidden from the street by a screen. In any case the one light was too dim to reveal anything. She was probably putting away the money, Joe thought. He moved forward quietly, with his pistol butt raised. But before he could bring it down, the plump little figure jumped away, whirled around, and snapped, "Drop that gun." Joe was too startled to move. His hand was still in the air when two armed men stepped out from behind the screen.

Almost a minute passed before Winser realized that the little figure was holding not a box of money but two six-shooters, and that the face under the bonnet was not Mrs. Binkley's, but Sheriff Wayne's. The real Mrs. Binkley, under orders, had bidden in a closet as soon as Joe left the saloon. Now she put her head out to ask, "Is it safe?"

"It's safe, Mrs. Binkley," Wayne assured her, taking off his cloak and bonnet. "I should have known it would turn out to be this guy. Remember a man in a saloon in Dalsen, Winser? You asked him about Lindale and he said it was a nice, peaceful town. Well, that was my brother you spoke to. Just yesterday I got a letter from him warning me that a husky red-headed guy was coming along to make some trouble. And just in case you're interested, he went on to say, "If he does start anything, I know you'll take care of him." You should've asked my brother some more questions before you came to Lindale, Winser. He could have told you that around here, Crime doesn't pay."

THE END

WESTERN WHACKIES



WIN \$1,000 CASH REWARD

NAME this HORSE!



The BLACK DIAMOND
and his wonderful
PALOMINO HORSE
appearing exclusively in

BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN

THE
GREATEST
NEW
COMIC
MAGAZINE
IN
20 YEARS!

"IN THE DAYS OF
THE DESPERADOES"

A GLEASON-BIRO-WOOD
SUPER PRODUCTION

Read the exciting adventures of the BLACK DIAMOND himself in "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN" Comics.

See how the BLACK DIAMOND came to own his wonderful horse.

What shall the BLACK DIAMOND call him? You choose the name.

Tell all your friends. Get a copy of "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN" from your news-dealer or, if he is all sold out, borrow one from a friend. You'll find many clues for the contest in "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN" Magazine.

IT'S EASY -
IT'S FUN!

NAME THE HORSE

Can you think of a name for this wonderful, faithful horse? The name you choose may help you win \$1,000.

GREAT FUN! SOLVE THE PUZZLES!

On the next page of this magazine there appears a fascinating puzzle. Solve it. There will be another puzzle which will appear only in the April #10 issue of "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN," on sale February 18th. Solve this puzzle also. There are 2 puzzles for you to work on.

OR ANY ONE
OF THE MORE THAN
125 GENEROUS PRIZES

\$1500 in All!

You may win \$1,000.00 in cash. There are 126 cash prizes in all. Help us to launch "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN MAGAZINE." Greatest new comic magazine in 20 years. Help us celebrate. Choose a name for the BLACK DIAMOND'S wonderful horse. Read rules and directions on the two following pages.

NOTHING to BUY - NOTHING to SELL!

Write a letter . . . 50 words or less . . . beginning with the following sentence: "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN is a wonderful magazine because . . ." There are four things to do in this contest:

1. Name the Horse
2. Solve 2 Puzzles
3. Write a Letter
4. GIVE US YOUR DEALER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

TURN THIS PAGE TO GET THE FIRST PUZZLE AND FULL INSTRUCTIONS

NOW TURN THE PAGE...READ THE RULES...SOLVE THE PUZZLES

HERE IS THE FIRST PUZZLE

PUZZLE NO. 1

Fill in the dashes in each line with four letters to make the word which is defined directly to the right. When you have done this, add a letter to each box to change this four letter word to a different word of five letters. To start you off we'll tell you that the first word is ACES and the letter in the box is R, making RACES. What is the next word? If you fill in the rest of the diagram correctly the letters in the boxes, reading from upper left to lower right, will spell the name of a popular western outdoor show. Write this word on the coupon.



1. The four highest cards in a pack.
2. A small liquid measure.
3. Another name for dinner or supper.
4. What dressmakers use.
5. Where a prisoner is kept.

IT'S EASY...IT'S FUN!

The Second and Final Puzzle will appear only in BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN — April #10. On Sale February 18th.

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES

Follow these
Exactly!

1. Print your name for BLACK DIAMOND's Horse on the coupon on opposite page or on separate piece of paper.
2. Print clearly the name and address of the newsstand where you buy Lev Gleason Comic Magazines.
3. Print solution of puzzle #1 and solution of puzzle #2, when you have solved both puzzles.
3. On a separate piece of paper—write a letter of 50 words or less, beginning with, "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN is a wonderful magazine because _____."

IT'S EASY...IT'S FUN!

You may enter as many names as you wish, but each entry must be complete with puzzle solutions and a letter. The entries will be judged by Lev Gleason, Charles Biro and Bob Wood on the basis of the originality and suitability of the name you choose and the letter you write. Your letter counts toward winning a prize. You must furnish correct solutions to both puzzles in order to qualify. Decisions of the judges are final, but in case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

This contest is open to everyone, men, women and child, except employees of Lev Gleason Publications Inc. and their families.

The contest is subject to all Federal and State regulations.

All entries become the property of Lev Gleason Inc. None will be returned. To be considered, envelopes containing entry must bear postmark before midnight April 2nd, 1949.

Remember to follow the contest rules. Read the "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN" stories in issue #9 and issue #10. Choose a suitable name for BLACK DIAMOND's horse. Solve the 2 puzzles. Hold your answers until you have the 2nd puzzle solved. The 2nd puzzle will appear only in "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN's April Issue #10 on sale February 18th. If your dealer is sold out, borrow a copy. Be sure to give the name and address of the newsdealer from whom you buy Lev Gleason Comic Magazines. Be sure to write a letter of 50 words or less. When you have completed the requirements of the contest, mail to—

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC., Black Diamond Contest
114 EAST 32nd STREET, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

\$1,000

1st PRIZE REWARD

125 OTHER CASH PRIZES

\$1500 IN ALL!

LIST OF CASH PRIZES

TRY TO WIN

First Prize	\$1000
Second Prize	\$100
4 Third Prizes—each	\$25
20 Fourth Prizes—each	\$5
100 Fifth Prizes—each	\$2

\$1500 IN ALL

Just think what it would mean to win \$1,000.00 first prize. Think what you could buy with \$1,000.00 for yourself, for Mother and Dad. A wonderful trip for the whole family, or maybe a year in college.

You can be the one to win this wonderful prize. Decide right now to enter this contest. You may get your Dad, Mother, teachers and friends to help you. You'll have the best chance of winning if you carefully read the great feature stories of the BLACK DIAMOND in "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN" Magazine.

Names of all winners will be printed in a later issue of "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN"—and 1st and 2nd prize winners will have their pictures reproduced.

USE THIS HANDY COUPON

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC., Black Diamond Contest
114 E. 32nd ST., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

The name I choose for BLACK DIAMOND'S horse is.....

My solution for puzzle #1 is.....

My solution for puzzle #2 is.....

The name and address of the Newsdealer from whom I buy Lev Gleason Comics is as follows:

Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

(Street and Number)

City or Town.....

State.....

I am enclosing a letter of 50 words or less beginning with "BLACK DIAMOND WESTERN is a wonderful magazine because.....".

My name is.....

My age is.....

Address.....

(Street and Number)

City or Town.....

State.....

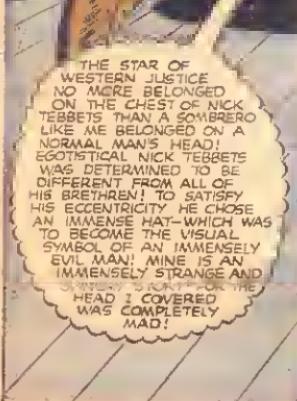
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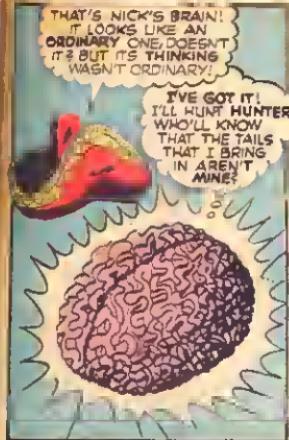


SOMBRERO NICK WEBBETS

A RUTHLESS CUTTHROAT WITH A HEART OF STONE, WHO WAS AS SHADY AS THE IMMENSE BRIM OF HIS HAT!

NICK
WEBBETS
KILLED
JUNE
1888













IVE GOT IT! IT JUST HIT
ME LIKE THAT! WHAT IF
THERE WAS A NEW KIND
OF SHERIFF THAT CAME
ALONG? A SHERIFF THAT
WAS THE PAL OF ALL THESE
GUYS? WHO PLANNED HOLD-
UPS WITH THEM... WHO
HELPED IN JAIL-BREAKS...
WHO GAVE THEM PROTECTION...
HMM... NICK, YOU'RE
A GENIUS!



SO YOU'RE WITH ME? GOOD!
NOW FOR THE BIG CAMPAIGN!
FIRST WE GET RID OF THE
SHERIFFS OF ALL NEARBY
TOWNS... AN' PUT OUR OWN
GUYS IN OFFICE!



I HATE VIOLENCE! I
LOVE PEACE... AN' I'LL
KILL ANY MAN WHO
WANTS TO VOTE FOR ME!
I'LL GET RID OF THIS
MAYOR OF YOURS, WHO
KEPT DISRUPTING
THE MEETINGS BY CALLIN'
ME A CROOK AND
MURDERER!



YOU BET, NICK! THIS MONOPOLIZIN' THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE WAS A GOOD IDEA IN THE BEGINNIN'... BUT IT AINT NO MORE!

HI, NICK! I THOUGHT ME AN DAN'D DROP IN FOR A CHAT! I SEE YOU HUNG OUR PICTURES ALONGSIDE ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S!

YOU BET, KENDALL! YOU AN' ABE ARE MY FAVORITE HEROES! WHERE'S ON YOUR MIND, FARD?







YOU CAN STILL SEE ME TODAY PINNED TO THIS WALL IN THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING IN TULOS A GRIM REMINDER OF THE MAD VANITY OF ONE WHOSE DESTINY WAS THE SUDDEN DEATH HE SO VIOLENTLY METED OUT TO OTHERS!

THE END



SHERIFF BILL CRANTON

HIS FEARLESS COURAGE AND DETERMINATION BROUGHT LAW AND ORDER TO THE MOST LAWLESS TOWN IN THE OLD WEST IN THE 1850'S!

SHERIFF
"BIG BILL" CRANTON

BIG BILL CRANTON AND HIS WIDOWED FATHER ARRIVED IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA FROM ILLINOIS, IN THE EARLY 1850'S, IN THE WAKE OF THE GOLD RUSH! THERE WAS LITTLE OR NO LAW AND ORDER! THE ELDER CRANTON WAS MOWED DOWN BY A CRAZED BANDIT! THIS SENT HIS FEARLESS SON AFTER OUTLAWS WITH A VENGEANCE! A FEW YEARS LATER, HE BECAME SHERIFF AND ONE OF THE LEGENDARY FIGURES OF THE COLORFUL OLD WEST!

DON'T SHOOT UNLESS IT'S NECESSARY, BILL! REMEMBER, WE WANT TO PROTECT OUR PASSENGERS!

DON'T WORRY, I'LL KEEP A COOL HEAD - BUT THEY'RE GAININ' FAST!

ART BY FRED GUARDINEER

IN THE 1850'S, OVERLAND STAGE COACH DRIVERS OFTEN HAD TO FIGHT THEIR WAY OUT OF AMBUSH TO REACH THEIR DESTINATION!

HOW DOES IT IN SIGHT! ALL CLEAR SO FAR! WE'LL BE OUT OF DANGER SOON AS WE CLEAR THOSE LAST ANYTHING!

HERE COMES THE STAGE COACH NOW!

ALL RIGHT, RUSTY, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! WE GOTTA MAKE THIS ONE SNAPPY! THERE MIGHT BE AN ESCORT WAITING FOR THEM FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD!

OH, OH! I WAS AFRAID OF THIS! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR IT! THAT'S RED BONGERS AND HIS PAL, RUSTY! THERE'S A PRICE ON THE HEAD OF EACH OF THEM!

THEY HAVEN'T LAUGHED UP WITH US YET! GET YOUR GUNS READY! WE'LL SHOOT IT OUT WITH THEM - AND WE HAVE TO!













GENTLEMEN, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU. I ACCEPT—with the promise to do all I can to rid this territory of lawlessness!





BONGERS SURE DID A MEAN JOB SHOOTIN' UP THE TOWN - BUT I DISCOVERED HIS HIDEOUT! IT'S AN ABANDONED RANCH HOUSE IN DEAD VALLEY ABOUT SIX MILES FROM HERE! LET'S GET GOING!

WE'RE WITH YA SHERIFF!

THAT'S THE HIDEOUT - THERE'S A GUARD ON DUTY - WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE! YOU WAIT HERE!

GAG HIM AND TIE HIM UP! NOW FOR BONGERS!



MOMENTS LATER, PANDEMOMIUM BROKE LOOSE IN BONGERS' HIDEOUT...

STOP, BONGERS! YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE!

IF I CAN GET UP ON THE RAFTERS, I'LL PICK 'EM OFF LIKE CLAY PIGEONS!

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, CRANTON, OR YOU'LL BE A DEAD DUCK!

YOU DON'T SCARE ME, BONGERS! I'VE BEEN AIMING TO CATCH UP WITH YOU EVER SINCE YOU KILLED MY FATHER... REMEMBER? I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A FAIR CHANCE! DRAW - YOU COWARD! GO AHEAD - DRAW!



WHY, YOU... I'LL SHOW YOU...

THESE WEAK RAFTERS ARE GONNA PROLONG YOUR LIFE, BONGERS - UNTIL AFTER A JURY TRIAL!



RED BONGERS AND HIS GANG OF KILLERS ALL RECEIVED THE MAXIMUM PENALTY!

PLEASE... PLEASE; GIMME ANOTHER CHANCE... I DON'T WANT TO DIE... PLEASE...

BONGERS, THE JURY HAS FOUND YOU GUILTY! YOU ARE TO HANG AT SUNRISE!



THANKS TO YOU, SHERIFF CRANTON, THIS TERRITORY HAS BEEN SWEEP CLEAN OF OUTLAWS!

YES, JUDGE, BUT THE WAR AGAINST CRIME IS NOT ENDED! IT WILL CONTINUE SO LONG AS THERE ARE MEN WHO THINK THEY CAN DILY LAWS AND ORDER AND GET AWAY WITH IT!



THE END

SURE AS SHOTIN'

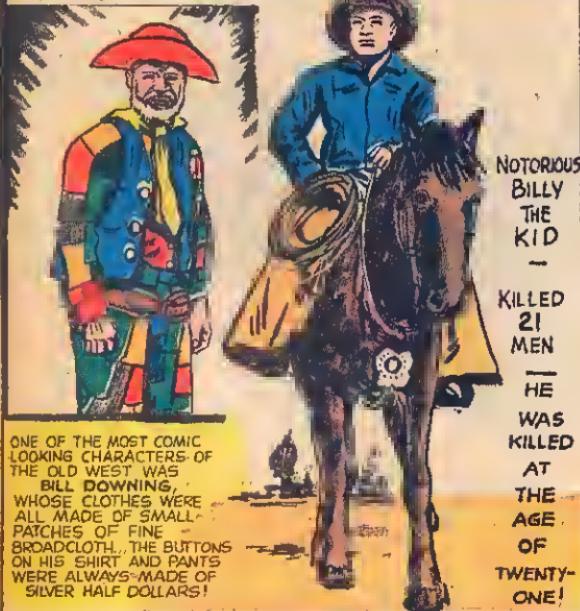
by
CLAUDE
MOORE



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2 HORSE LOCKS TO CHAIN PRISONER TO FLOOR	\$1.60
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1 LOCK FOR OUTSIDE JAIL DOOR	1.25
REPAIRS TO WALL WHERE PRISONER ESCAPED:	18.00

C. H. MOORE



ONE OF THE MOST COMIC LOOKING CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST WAS BILL DOWNING, WHOSE CLOTHES WERE ALL MADE OF SMALL PATCHES OF FINE BROADCLOTH, THE BUTTONS ON HIS SHIRT AND PANTS WERE ALWAYS MADE OF SILVER HALF DOLLARS!

2 SENSATIONAL BASEBALL OFFERS!!

A GREAT—NEW—EXCITING BASEBALL GAME

Action! Skill! Strategy! Education! Fun! Thrills! In Your Own Stadium "CASEY on the MOUND"



For young and old alike. Play it with Skill—Pitch Curves—Hit Home Runs, Etc. Game is played at Home by Rogers Hornsby, Hugh Casey, Specs Shea, Dom DiMaggio, Johnny Pasky, others.

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"LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE"—244 Pages—34 Pictures—The Real story of Big League Baseball with a Punch told in Joe's own words. Inside Dope on 150 GREAT PLAYERS. Includes also one big chapter on How to Bet and Play The Outfield. Paper Ed. \$1—DeLuxe Cloth \$2.

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Please rush me at once "LUCKY TO BE A YANKEE" by Joe DiMaggio, Ill.

Paper Cover \$1.00 \$1.00—Postpaid

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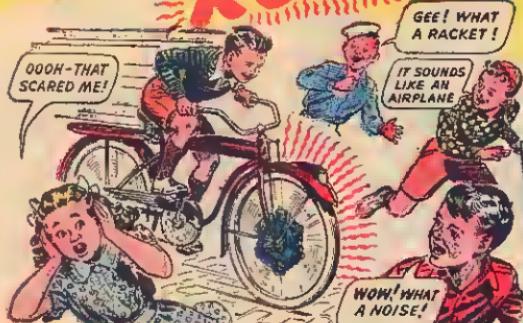
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Startle your buddies!

This sensational, new Aero-Motor gives you a thrill on every ride! Not a motor but looks and sounds just like a real engine! The faster you go the louder the roar. Special "four-engine" sound device can give you an extra mighty roar like a Thunderbolt. When you slow down, you get the steady purr of a machine gun. Watch people scatter and look up when you come along. It's the thrill of a lifetime. When you stop a crowd will gather around you.

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BIKE DECORATION SET EXTRA for prompt action!

If you order NOW we will include at no additional cost a Bike Decoration Kit which includes flags and red, white, and blue streamers 10 ft. long to dress up your bike on special occasions. Order TODAY.

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WITH THESE AMAZING LIFE-LIKE

RUBBER MASKS



The Monkey \$2.95



NOW WATCH ME HAVE SOME FUN WITH THE GANG TONIGHT AT THE MASQUERADE

COVER ENTIRE HEAD . . . LAST FOR YEARS . . . SO LIFELIKE PEOPLE GASP WITH AMAZEMENT AND DELIGHT . . .
Mold-Art Rubber Masks are molded from best grade natural flexible rubber. They cover the entire head. Yet you see thru the "eyes." The mouth moves with your lips . . . you breathe . . . smoke . . . talk . . . even eat thru it. Hand-painted for realism. Wonderful for every dress-up occasion—for parties or gifts. Fun for children and adults alike.



IDIOT . . . \$2.95

Yes here is Halfwit in all his goofiness. People howl with laughter when you put on this life-like mask.



Scary \$2.95



Old Man \$2.95



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SANTA CLAUS, \$4.95



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SEND NO MONEY!

Just mail coupon below. ORDER MASKS BY NAME as listed in this ad. All masks priced at \$2.95, except Santa Claus (\$4.95). When package arrives pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage (we pay postage if cash is sent with order). Sanitary laws prohibit return of worn masks. All masks guaranteed perfect.

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6044 Avondale Ave., Dept. 394-8, Chicago 31, Illinois
Send me Rubber Masks as listed below

Ship C.O.D. I will pay postman the price plus C.O.D. postage.
 Ship postpaid. Payment in full enclosed herewith.

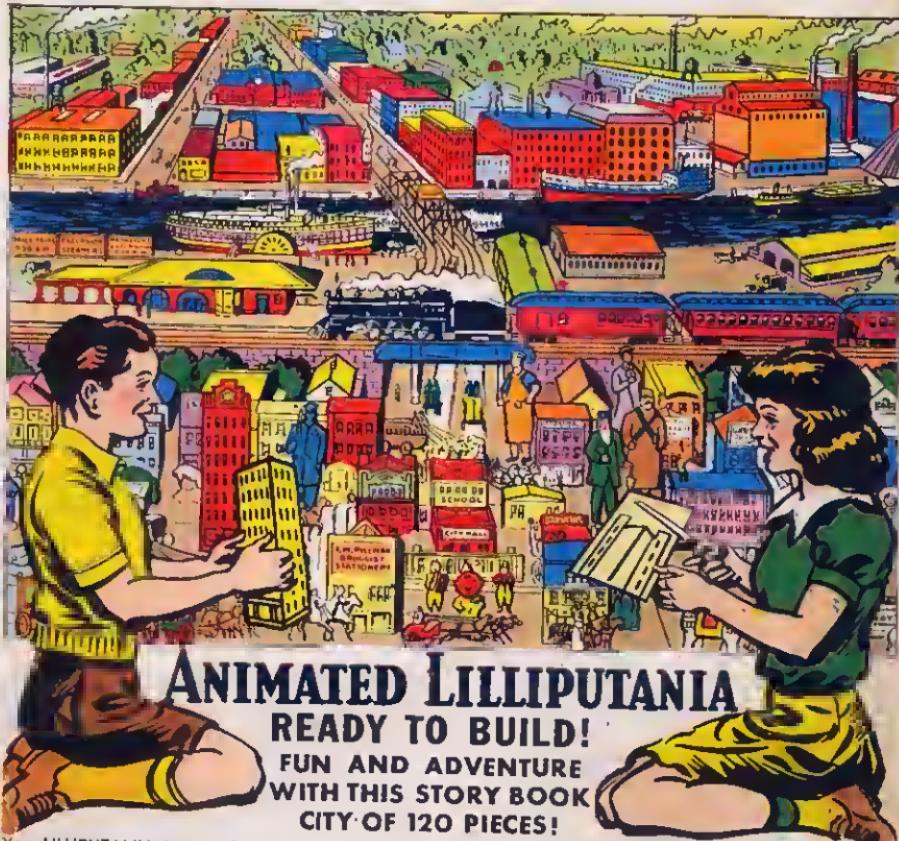
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120 DIFFERENT PIECES

BUILDINGS

Print Shop
Bank
Bell Boy's
Cafe
Diner
Diner
Diner
City Hall
Garage
Gasoline
Woman's
Temple
Tobacco
Store
Dry Goods
Store
Radio Shop
Furniture
Shop
New Store
Hardware
Hotel
Gasoline
Hardware
Store
Shop
Laundry
Liquor
Stationery
Stationery
Bakery

Print Shop
Angela's House
Opera House
Woolworth
Street Plan
Bay
Gas
Gasoline
Woman's
Temple
Tobacco
Store
Dry Goods
Store
Radio Shop
Furniture
Shop
New Store
Hardware
Hotel
Gasoline
Hardware
Store
Shop
Laundry
Liquor
Stationery
Stationery
Bakery

GIANTS

Giants Chair
Fire Chief
Bakery
Diner
Professor
Nurses
Organ
Guitar
Drums
Upholster
Mrs. Dough
Mrs. Bell

CIRCUS

Harmon
Band Wagon

ACRES

Flowers
Trees
Bushes



Boat
Bath
Circus
Fishing
Giant
Giantess
Lady Doctor
Married
Mother
Zoo
Leaves
Tast
Pony
Monkey
Monkey
Old Dog
Clown
Drun
Gloves and
Trous
Ticket Office
Liquor Store
Bird
Fruit Stand
Flowers
SOHES

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Tubs
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